

# Sequachee Valley News.

VOL. XV.

SEQUACHEE, TENN., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1908

NO. 33.

## ORDERS HIM TO VACATE

Chancellor Issues Mandatory Injunction Against Oliver.

ORDERED TO VACATE; BEGIN NEXT TUESDAY

Bond in Sum of \$200,000 Required of Mr. Brady by Chancellor, Which Will Be Given, and Hale's Bar Work Renewed.

The case of A. N. Brady against W. J. Oliver for possession of the lock and dam was heard in chambers at Jasper Tuesday night before Chancellor McConnell, who granted the prayer of complainant, and issued an order requiring Oliver to begin Tuesday morning next to vacate the property, continuing the work of removal as fast as reasonably could be expected.

A bond of indemnity for \$200,000 was also given by the complainant.

The following from the Chattanooga Times gives the details of the matter:

"Yesterday's afternoon Nashville train carried to Jasper, the county seat of Marion county, the attorney's interest in the Brady-Oliver controversy. Judge Andrew Hamilton, of New York, and Messrs. R. H. Williams and J. J. Lynch represented A. N. Brady, and Attorney Young, of the Knoxville law firm of Lindsey, Young & Smith, represented Contractor W. J. Oliver. Chancellor T. M. McConnell, who has been holding court in Jasper, had notified counsel he would hear argument on the onerous proceeding instituted by Mr. Brady against Mr. Oliver. The attorneys reached Jasper late in the afternoon. A portion of the argument was heard by Judge McConnell before supper and continued after court and counsel had enjoyed the delicate and of Jasper's leading hostelry.

"Messrs. Williams and Lynch spoke for the complainants, and Mr. Young for the defendant. Following the argument, his honor the chancellor gave prompt opinion. He cited the importance of the enterprise at Hale's Bar, of the necessity for aggressive work if the promoters expected to conclude the improvement within the limit of their franchise and held that the complainant was entitled to possession in order to expediate the work and push it to completion, under the license granted by the government and the agreement with the Chattanooga and Tennessee River Power company. The court therefore ordered that injunction issue requiring the defendant to remove his plant and equipment now on the premises described in the bill of the complainant and that such removal begin next Tuesday and be continued promptly and speedily until the plant equipment, machinery, etc., of the defendant are wholly removed. His honor further held that the removal be so conducted as not to unreasonably interfere with complainant's prompt resumption of the work. The bond to be given by the complainant was fixed by the chancellor in the sum of \$200,000.

"Judge McConnell returned to Chattanooga yesterday morning, when the form of order was submitted him by the attorneys. Mr. Brady's attorneys had already arranged for such bond as the court would exact and the bond will be filed at once with Clerk and Master Erwin.

"Mr. Brady's representatives say not a moment will be lost in renewing the work at Hale's Bar, now that they have been given possession by the court. Mr. Brady is under contract with the Chattanooga and Tennessee River Power company to complete by Oct. 26, 1909, the work that was allotted by sub-contract to Mr. Oliver and much additional work besides the lock and dam and lower house. His representatives state with confidence that notwithstanding the delay to which they have heretofore been subjected, the great enterprise that promises improvement of navigation and the supplying of abundant and economic electric power for Chattanooga and surrounding territory will be completed on time.

"A Stitch in Time. will save nine. So will a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup always kept on hand save many a spell of sickness. A sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough. Mrs. S. Hot Springs, Ark. writes: 'I keep a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my medicine chest, and thank my forethought many times. It has prevented many severe spells of sickness.' Sold by Sequatchie Supply Store.

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## How the "Sphinx" Lost His Reputation

William C. Hill in Nobody's Magazine.

He was only a painter. A house painter, you say? Oh, dear, no. A painter of landscapes and wood-interiors, and all that sort of a thing. One of that kind of masculine followers of the Foolish Virgins that would starve themselves for Art's sake, not that the Foolish Virgins had any thing to do with a like profession—an artist.

And he was painting in a wild mountain dell, where the huge rocks and gigantic trees permitted few and scanty rays of light to pass the barriers they interposed. But it was very beautiful there, indeed. The rocks were so massive and covered with such strange combinations of moss and fern and lichen, and the greens and browns and greys were so inviting that the artist fell in love with the place, and made it the centre of his work.

His was a gentle soul, timid and retiring. His fellow students at the Art Club used to play sad tricks on him, because of his retiring ways, and called him "The Sphinx," which later became one of affection as they recognized the merit behind that quiet exterior.

But he had had exciting experiences in his life, too. No one believed it was "The Sphinx" who entered a burning building to save a child when more resolute and stronger-appearing men stood by with blanched faces. When he came out his hair was on fire but he had the child in his arms.

So he had drifted into these mountains like a second Dr. Syntax in search of the picturesque, and the mountains had welcomed him as they had done none other, and few had been shown more of their beauties than he.

"The Sphinx" sat before his easel, painting. Everything seemed so joyous, so inviting, so beautiful! Never before had the tracing of leaf and limb, outline and face of rock, attracted as it did that pleasant August afternoon, and down in this mountain retreat it was cool and pleasant, quite contrary to the temperature the month suggests. Out in the valley the people were sweltering in the heat, but here "The Sphinx" was in a temperate zone of his own.

"Chamouni, sweet Chamouni. O'er the mountains of Chamouni," gaily carolled a pleasant feminine voice not far off in the wood. It drew nearer and nearer "The Sphinx" could quite locate what was happening, he was surprised in his retreat.

"Good morning," he said, as he saw the new comer gazing interestedly at his picture. "To whom am I indebted for this visit?"

"I am Edith Fleming," she replied. "My father owns this place and noticing that you were painting here and that you were so ungracious as not to give us a call, I thought I would make one on you—that is if I am not intruding."

Oh, no, she was not intruding, and the painter as he said this hastily, ran his eye over his visitor.

She was a pleasant-faced, determined-looking woman of perhaps thirty, small of figure, light and graceful of movement. Quick of perception, her criticisms drawn out after some trouble by the painter, rather pleased him.

A rattlesnake is a dangerous customer. This assertion is proven by the accounts circulated every year of encounters with this lord of the ravines, and to step on one is not generally conducive to the longevity of the one performing that deed, no matter how accidental it may be. So when the painter stepped back to view his picture after a telling stroke of the brush, one day several months after this meeting

and trod on a rattlesnake which had appeared on the scene unnoticed, and was hemmed up between it and some steep rocks, things were looking rather dubious for "The Sphinx."

True to his appellation he did not lose his head and move, but stood there perfectly still, coolly regarding his enemy, which was coiled up not two feet from him, rattling viciously and prepared to strike.

It was certainly a quandary, and "The Sphinx" was wondering how long it would last, and if the reptile would not get tired sometime and go away when two pistol shots rang out in quick succession from the back of the boulder against which he was leaning, and two bullets whizzed by his ears and dampened the enthusiasm of his foe.

To say that the "The Sphinx" was not startled by this new happening would be decidedly untrue. He turned with a suddenness that nearly maimed his spinal column and beheld Miss Fleming, who as soon as she discovered he was unharmed, promptly fainted. This put "The Sphinx" in another quandary.

To have a vicious snake threatening to dig its fangs into you is one kind of a danger, but to have a fascinating woman faint in your arms is another. In avoiding Scylla "The Sphinx" had run into Charybdis.

When Miss Fleming recovered she found herself resting on the right arm of "The Sphinx" who had discovered there was much positive enjoyment in the task, despite the anxiety it caused, and he lost his reputation then and there, likewise his reason.

"Miss Fleming—Edith," he said "you have saved my life. How can I ever repay you?"

"By saying nothing about it," faltered Miss Fleming.

They were silent for a moment or two. Miss Fleming had now recovered her strength enough to sit on the artist's camp stool, while he, standing behind, gently supported her.

"Edith," he murmured, "You have my future happiness in your possession."

"No," she said, gazing in his eyes, "you are mistaken."

"In what way?" he asked impetuously.

"If I saved you from the rattlesnake it is nothing more than what I would have done for any other man, had it been in my power, and if I should marry you perhaps I would make you repent of it in a very short while."

"Why," he asked, doubtfully.

"Oh, because I have such a frightfully bad temper," she said, seriously.

"And," said he, "You think that would be—"

"Worse than any rattlesnake," she interrupted.

"Oh, well, he said, "If you are going to refuse me on that ground I shall wish,"—and he spoke in a very solemn, tragic tone,—"I shall wish that the rattlesnake had—"

But somehow or other the words were never finished for the looks of both belied their words, and the painter's colors unused dried on his palette that afternoon.

## On Various Subjects.

Well, little Cousin Dora, I guess I'll have to get after your uncle for misrepresenting Texas and the shingle tick but before I do so I want to know how far he lived from Itasca. I am confident you've told us the truth, as I know your father is a stock dealer and trader and if your cattle were infected you would know it. I am glad you have a fine country and fine cattle but don't forget Tennessee and remember it is a splendid state and has fine cattle also, and our only trouble is somehow we can't impress other folks that we haven't any Texas fever ticks. Probably you people have been more successful in that line than we have. You see, Cousin, this is a brand new issue with us, and we don't see exactly how the charge can hold good after you Texas folks declare there isn't any in your country. Well, there isn't any here either. Now, Dora, I'm going to ask you to contribute to the News' columns at least once a month and tell us all about your country, your people and the society and customs. Don't say you can't for I know better. Your letters to the Courier were far ahead of other correspondents, and so you must write to our paper. That is why your "Uncle Gid" wanted you to read the News. Your pa is too busy trading to even read a paper, only long enough to notice the prices of live stock or cotton quotations. Your bachelor sweetheart says you are the most business-like girl he ever met and the only girl he ever thought of as a wife and if he had your commercial business would be a pleasure. I tried to persuade him to visit Itasca on a prospecting tour but he thought it no use. Just here I want to say many young men lose out for the want of courage to make their applications known to our real business-headed young ladies. Somehow they imagine such girls won't marry or they are not the ones. This does such girls an injustice. They will marry and a man who hasn't courage enough to seek the heart and hand of such a girl, doesn't deserve such a girl. We have plenty of high-souled, ambitious girls, worthy of any man, but a silly wall-flower often draws the prize.

Well, the little flurry we have had here at Tracy has so well advertised that your "Uncle Gid" doesn't care to add anything to what has already been said. It was a small affair—so small that I don't care to discuss it. Work is regular and steady, fair treatment, etc. We hope that the men out will get back ere long. I am sorry such things happen. Your "Uncle Gid" does not endorse such moves, but I will do all I can to help the men get work. I am their friend, if they did err.

UNCLE GID.

Sulphur Spring.

Special to the News.

H. C. Grayson went to Whitwell Friday.

Herbert Bryson and Curry Davis visited in Whitwell Sunday.

Miss Josie Smith, of Whitwell, visited her cousin, Miss Esther Smith, Sunday.

James Bryson and Talmage Davis went out driving in the mud Sunday afternoon.

G. D. Smith went to Whitwell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Grant and Joe Davis went to Whitwell Monday.

Curry Davis still hangs his cap on J. H. Grant's hat rack.

Miss Dot Richards visited at A. K. Bailey's Monday.

Miss Emma Bryson visited Miss Kizzie Richards' Monday.

Leonard Gott made his regular trip to Sulphur Spring Sunday. Leonard says he sure likes sulphur water.

Mrs. Geo. Smith visited in Whitwell last week.

Misses Lecta and Alva Andes and Grace Condra, of Red Hill, visited Misses Kizzie and Dorcas Richards Saturday and Sunday.

Luther Ellis visited his brother, Barney Ellis, last week.

R. C. Richards went to Whitwell Monday.

Business is improving all over the country. Plants and business enterprises that have been dormant ever since Dec. 1, 1907, are once more commencing operations, and everything points to renewed business. It is pretty hard to "scotch" the wheel of progress in a great big country like this, and the effort of a few last fall to drag it down only checked it a little, like a wagon wheel hitting a boulder in a road.

How are we to get on with our living if we are continually dropping in to sloughs of bitter and often unjust reproach? Every morning comes the light and a fresh chance of doing better. Is it not the severest folly and ingratitude to let yesterday spoil the day-given today?

There is only one good time for each of us to die, and that is the exact hour at which God wills that death should follow.

Promptness.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing what is to be done in it and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make out of a day, it is as though they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost.

If ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first thing that comes to hand, and you will find that the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well drilled soldiers, and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now. Make sure however, that what is to be done ought to be done. "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," is a good proverb, but don't do what you may regret.—Ex.

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**ITEMS OF THE VALLEY**

Jasper.

Special to the News.

David S. Pryor was in Whitwell one day last week.

T. S. Harris, of Whitwell, was in Jasper one day last week.

Prof. Leon Rogers, of Whitwell, was in Jasper Friday.

Rev. J. A. Darr was in Orme one day last week.

F. A. Kelly was in Chattanooga Thursday on business.

J. C. Kelly was in Chattanooga last week.

Hon. B. E. Tatum spent several days in Harrison, Tenn., last week on legal business.

Miss Hallie Rankin, of Chattanooga, was in Jasper Sunday the guest of Miss Mand Doukiss.

Roy Jones, who has been attending school at Pryor Institute, left last Friday for Hugo, I. T.

Dr. Charles M. Griffith, of Nashville, was in Jasper last week visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Julia Hopkins of Chattanooga spent Saturday and Sunday in Jasper the guests of Miss Mattie Simpson.

W. F. McDaniel, of South Pittsburg, was in Jasper the first of last week.

Rev. M. A. Hunt spent a few days in Jasper last week.

Miss Ione McRea, of South Pittsburg, was in the city Sunday.

Hayden Simpson has returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Stevenson, Ala.

L. N. Spears was in Chattanooga one day last week on business.

Misses Vera and Gertrude Alexander spent Wednesday night with friends in South Pittsburg.

Oliver Brown, who has been in Jasper for the past few months, has returned to his home in Larkinsville, O.

Miss Avis Beene, of South Pittsburg, spent Sunday in Jasper, the guest of the Misses Alexander.

Mrs. R. J. Hayron and Miss Fannie Lindsay returned last week from Bridgeport, Ala., where they have been visiting.

D. A. Tate, of South Pittsburg, was in Jasper last week.

Walter Johnson returned Friday to his home in South Pittsburg, after spending several days with relatives and friends in Jasper.

Even from the Mountains.

Ballard's Snow Liniment is praised for the good it does. A sure cure for Rheumatism and all pains. Wright W. Loving, Grand Junction, Colo., writes: "I used Ballard's Snow Liniment last winter, for Rheumatism and can recommend it as the best Liniment on the market. I thought at the time I was taken down with this trouble that it would be a week before I could get about, but on applying your Liniment several times during the night I was about in 48 hours and well in three days." Sold by Sequatchie supply Store.

Died From Burns.

Mrs. Rittie Richardson died at Victoria Feb. 12. She was badly burned Feb. 4, by her clothes catching a fire while she was washing, and her death was caused by the burns she received. She leaves a husband and two children. She was a daughter of Ike Kilgore.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is best for cuts, burns, boils, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Sold by J. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

**CASORIA.**

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No matter how large,

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**Bank of Whitwell**

will give it careful attention.  
This message applies to all.

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J. J. DYKES, President,  
D. T. LAYNE, Vice-President,  
B. E. DONNELL, Vice-President,  
J. E. MOORE, Cashier,  
E. A. DYKES, Asst. Cashier